

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 356

After a moment of silence, Oscar said coldly, "As long as you can make sure to not hurt her, I don't care what intentions you have by approaching Tiffany; I just don't want Amelia to worry about her. Indeed, I've withdrawn my efforts to look for Amelia. But that doesn't mean I don't know where she is. When the time is right, I'll go look for her."

The smile on Derrick's face grew wider as he stood up and locked eyes with Oscar. A sense of male dominance filled the room when both men of similar heights stared down at each other.

After a few seconds, Derrick reached out his hand for a handshake and said, "Mr. Clinton, since our views on relationships are rather similar, I think we'd make great friends. Despite my looks, I'm not such a playboy as people think I am."

Oscar merely looked at Derrick's hand before turning away and going back to his desk. He then pointed at the entrance and said, "If that's all you came here to say, you can leave now. I have no time for your games."

With a smile on his face, Derrick shrugged. "Mr. Clinton, I've reserved a big private room at The Mirage for tonight. I've also invited some of the rich stakeholders in the industry. Do come and join us if you think I'm worthy enough to be your friend. Besides, I might even reveal some of Amelia's information if you join us. After all, this is her idea. But again, it's entirely up to you. Anyway, I'll be leaving now."

Upon hearing that, Oscar's gaze deepened as he looked at the documents on his desk. He was perplexed by what Derrick had told him.

Despite what he said, Oscar still showed up at The Mirage later that night. According to the location Derrick sent him, he arrived at the entrance of the aforementioned private room. Perhaps there was a telepathic link between him and Derrick because the moment he arrived at the entrance, Derrick coincidentally opened the door.

"Wow, what a rare sight! You're finally here, Mr. Clinton! Come on in. Everyone's waiting for you." Derrick then pulled Oscar into the room.

"A round of applause, everyone. Despite being known for the difficulty to invite him to events, Mr. Clinton is finally here." Derrick enthusiastically introduced Oscar to the rest as if he was some sort of host to a reality show. The crowd Derrick managed to pull together that night consisted of various heirs of wealthy families. All of them were quick to show Oscar

respect by applauding his entrance. Despite being heirs to their successful parents, they were all respected businessmen themselves in their respective industries.

They all stood up and shook hands with Oscar while introducing themselves. Albeit not being in the same industry as Oscar, they were all aware of his achievements. Back then, Oscar would only attend business events that were deemed absolutely necessary. Apart from that, he rarely mingled with his clients. Ever since the rise of Clinton Corporations, he appeared even lesser because he didn't need to entertain the others anymore. Hence, the heirs had never been presented with an opportunity to see him in person.

While Oscar was shaking hands with all the younger generation of businessmen whom he barely knew, he couldn't help but gaze at a man who hadn't gotten up from the sofa.

Derrick noticed his gaze and said to the man, "Mr. Scott, you know Mr. Clinton, right? Amelia Winters had even worked at your company before. Aren't you going to greet each other?"

Oscar cast a suspicious glance and Derrick. Why did he invite him?

On the other hand, Carter remained unperturbed. Derrick then turned to Oscar and said, "Mr. Clinton, Mr. Scott's current girlfriend is Jennifer Larson. The Larsons and my family are considered distant relatives. Anyway, you've seen her before, right?"

Upon hearing that, Carter stood up abruptly. "Mr. Hisson, I think you've been mistaken. Jennifer isn't my girlfriend."

Suddenly, everyone turned their attention toward Carter.

Derrick's face turned ashen. "What are you saying, Mr. Scott? Both Jennifer and your families are well aware of the relationship! Are you turning your back on her now?"

"There's no such thing. I wonder where you have gotten such ridiculous information, Mr. Hisson. There must be a misunderstanding." Immediately, Carter shot him a warning glare.

Derrick froze, and his mind went completely blank upon hearing those words.

Suddenly, a man from the crowd chimed in, "Mr. Scott, calm down. I'm sure Mr. Hisson was just joking."

Without saying a word, Carter just stared at Oscar.

After a few seconds, Derrick snapped out of his thoughts and said, "Have a seat, everyone! It's such a rare occasion that everyone's gathered here tonight. Let's have some fun! Don't any of you dare be a party-pooper!"

As soon as he said that, the atmosphere in the room turned lively again.

After some small talks with Oscar, the crowd began their karaoke session. Derrick, meanwhile, purposefully sat in between Oscar and Carter.

Derrick poured three glasses of wine and turned toward Carter. "Mr. Scott, how could you say that just now? Is Jennifer not good enough for you? Your mom has even paid the Larsons a visit and gave her word. What you've said is utterly disrespectful toward her. Although she's a distant relative of the Hissons, she still comes from a noble family. You've crossed the line there, Mr. Scott."

Carter took one of the three glasses and sipped. He then glanced at Oscar and said, "There was never a relationship, to begin with, Mr. Hisson. Besides, I don't think I owe you an explanation."

"Are you shirking responsibility, Mr. Scott?" Derrick questioned.

"How could you say that when I'm not in any way attached to Jennifer? I've only ever loved one woman. Now that the woman has divorced, I can finally make my moves. Regarding Jennifer, I could only offer her my apology." Carter then downed his wine and looked at Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, I'd like to congratulate you on your divorce from Amelia Winters. I've been wanting to congratulate you, but unfortunately, I couldn't find the time to. Besides, I'd also like to thank you for letting Amelia go. Now, I can swoop in like a knight in shining armor."

Without looking at Carter, Oscar casually took a glass of wine and took a sip. He then said flatly, "Mr. Scott, stop embarrassing yourself with your absurd self-confidence. Amelia and I just had a minor dispute. When she returns, she'd still be my wife. As for you, I think you should appreciate the lady you have with you now. Otherwise, you'd end up with a young gold-digger if you hold out until you're in your forties or fifties."

Oscar, being himself, was quick-witted with his response.

Meanwhile, Carter's face turned grim.

Being the mediator, Derrick chimed in, "I've invited the two of you here to have some fun, so stop your bickering and show me some respect, okay? Since Amelia isn't even here, what's the point of fighting over her? It's not like she could see who's fighting harder for her. Hence, the two of you should just let it go and have a few more drinks. Nobody leaves until you've all enjoyed yourselves, all right?"

In response, Carter stood up and straightened his collar. "I'm going to the washroom."

After Carter walked out of the room, Derrick leaned back onto the sofa lazily and asked softly, "Mr. Clinton, do you know why I've invited him here?"

Oscar furrowed his brows and kept mum.

Derrick continued, "My mom instructed me to do so. In fact, Jennifer's mom asked my mom for a favor. My mom agreed and told me to help pair them up. I was told that Jennifer had fallen deeply in love with him—so much so that she wanted to marry him. At the same time, I know that he's been into Amelia for a while now. So I figured, Mr. Clinton, you wouldn't want some other man to constantly think about your woman, right? Besides, she has been on his mind for the past five to six years now." Indeed, Carter had been after Amelia all along.

Without saying a word, Oscar merely glanced at him.

Derrick was swirling his glass of wine while grinning mischievously. His expressions seemed even more wicked under the flashing neon lights in the room. Despite having already seen more than enough vexatious personalities in his lifetime, Oscar couldn't help but be stunned. What a devious man!

However, it didn't take long for Oscar to regain his composure.

"Mr. Clinton, let me be honest. The reason I've gotten both of you here is so that you'd teach Carter a lesson for disrespecting a woman of the Hissons. He shouldn't be forgiven for such behavior," Derrick explained.

"To my understanding, the Larsons aren't even related to the Hissons, am I right?"

"I'm impressed, Mr. Clinton. You went to such an extent in understanding the complicated relationship between the Larsons and the Hissons, all for Amelia." Despite his words, Derrick's facial expression showed little amazement.

On the other hand, Oscar kept quiet.

"Indeed, you're right, Mr. Clinton. However, Jennifer's mom and my mom became friends when they attended the same university back then. After that, one of them went abroad, while the other married and had a family of her own. After some years, they've finally contacted each other again. Since her mom had asked for a favor, my mom came to me for help. That's why I've gathered everyone here tonight," Derrick said truthfully.

"Derrick, I won't deny the fact that you're a smart man. However, don't use such tricks on me. You have no right to intervene in the issue between Carter and me. Actually, I'd suggest you stop intruding on others' lives altogether. Otherwise, it'll surely lead to your downfall one day. Instead of interfering, focus on managing your own relationships. Anyway, please excuse me." Oscar then stood up and left for the toilet. Derrick, on the other hand, gave his wine a swirl and grinned.

Things are getting interesting! Since I don't have much going on now, I might as well pit them against each other and watch from the side! Derrick was enjoying the show despite how serious the matter was. He had always been quite a sinister person, so he was just enjoying others' misfortune.